DC

96

JAN 03

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

LOONEY TUNES™

LOONEY TUNES

BABY POWER!

David Alvarez

HELP WANTED

EXCUSSSE ME, SSSIR, ARE YOU THE BOSS? I'M HERE FOR THE *DAYCARE JOB!*

I'M THE *MANAGER.*

GREAT! SSSEE IF YOU CAN *MANAGE* TO SIGN ME UP. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, SSSEE IF YOU CAN *MANAGE* TO GET ME A LOVELY STACK OF PANCAKES. EASY ON THE BLUEBERRIES--I'M WATCHIN' MY *FIGURE!*

OH, BABY

RURIK TYLER-Writer
DAVID ALVAREZ-Penciller
MIKE DeCARLO-Inker
JENNA GARCIA-Letterer
DAVE TANGUAY-Colorist
DIGITAL CHAMELEON-Separations
HARVEY RICHARDS-Asst Edit
JOAN HILTY-Editor

WB1944

LOOK HERE, SIR--I HAVE MY *DOUBTS* ABOUT HIRING A *DUCK* AS A *DAYCARE WORKER!*

WHAT? WHY, A DAYCARE CENTER WITHOUT DUCKS IS LIKE A *PANCAKE* WITHOUT *BLUEBERRIES--*

SSSAY, WHAT ABOUT *LUNCH?* ARE YOU STILL BUSY AT LUNCHTIME?

OH, VERY WELL--*HERE!* YOUR JOB IS ON THE THIRTIETH FLOOR. I HOPE YOU CAN HANDLE IT!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS--OF *COURSE* I CAN HANDLE IT!

HEH-HEH-HEH--I'VE GOT A SACK OF *ACME* STUFF. I CAN HANDLE *ANYTHING!*

ACME SUPPLIES

30TH FLOOR

DAYCARE ROOM 3015

OKAY NOW, DUCK--IT'S TIME TO PROVE YOU CAN KEEP THIS JOB!

IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO CROWDED. WHAT WAS ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? LESSEE, HOW MANY KIDS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS ROOM?

THE WORK ORDER SSSAYS *"THREE."*

SHUCKS! I WAS WORRIED FOR NOTHING. THIS JOB WILL BE A *PIECE OF CAKE!*

Kids:3

I WON'T EVEN *NEED* MY *ACME* SACK. I'LL JUST KEEP IT IN THE *CLOSET* UNTIL THE END OF THE DAY!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE RUGWARMERS, GATHER IN A CIRCLE. IT'SSSS *STORYTIME*--AN *OPPORTUNE OPPORTUNITY* TO INTRODUCE YOUR MINDS TO THE *CLASSICS!*

LET'S SEE, WHAT WILL WE READ TODAY? WHY DON'T WE START WITH... *"HOW THE WONDERFUL DUCK SAVED THE WORLD FROM THE HORRIBLE RABBIT."*

ONCE THERE WAS A *DISGUSTING, PUTRID, HORRIBLE RABBIT.* HIS FUR WAS A DULL, GRAY, WASHED-OUT COLOR AND HE WAS ALWAYS JEALOUS OF THE *WONDERFUL DUCK'S VIVID BLACK FEATHERS.* ONE DAY...

WHAT TH'?! WHERE DID *THAT* KID COME FROM?

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW? THIS SET OF THREE MUST COME WITH A *SPARE...*

AND WHO ARE *YOU?*

GOOD GRIEF! I'VE GOT *SPARES* TO *SPARE!*

WHERE THE HECK ARE ALL THESE *EXTRA KIDS* COMING FROM?

THERE'SSS KIDS COMING OUT OF THE *RUGS*, THE *PUPPET THEATERS*, THE *TOYBOXES*, THE *COAT CLOSET*...

THE COAT CLOSET?

THEY'RE COMING FROM MY ACME SACK!

AAAGH! THERE'SSS *MUNCHKINS* IN THE *MERCHANDISE!*

LET'S SEE. WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE... RATTLES, TIMECLOCKS, SQUEAKY TOYS, COPY MACHINES...

COPY MACHINES! THAT MUST BE IT! ACME HAS MADE THE MOST *ASTONISHING, MONUMENTAL, PREPOSTEROUSLY SUCCESSFUL COPYING MACHINE* OF ALL TIME--IT COPIES KIDS! WHY, THIS *STAGGERS THE IMAGINATION!*

VRROOOOOOOOOOM

JUMPIN' JELLYBEANS! WHAT IS *THAT!?*

VROOOOOOOOM

MY ACME RACECAR!!!

STOP! STOP! STOP! OH, WHY DON'T THEY STOP?

I KNOW! THEY'RE TOO YOUNG! THEY MUST NOT SPEAK ENGLISH YET!

WHAT I NEED IS A TRANSLATOR THAT SPEAKS GOO-GOO! LESSEE--SIDEWAYS TRANSMISSION BOX, ELECTRIC PENCIL SHARPENER, ELECTRIC PENCIL, TOTEM POLE WAX...

THIS MIGHT BE THE TICKET!

I CAN MAKE THE BABIES OLDER...THEN THEY CAN SPEAK ENGLISH... THEN THEY'LL LISTEN TO ME!

ACME AGE-I-FYING RIPENS FRUIT, CURES CEMENT

BETTER NOT USE TOO MUCH, THOUGH. IF I MAKE THEM TEENAGERS, THEY'LL NEVER LISTEN TO ME!

HOW EMBARRASSING! I KEEP MISSING! WHY, I COULDN'T HIT THE BROAD SIDE OF A BARN!

SLITHERIN' SALAMANDERS! THE HALL WALLS ARE FALLING APART WHERE THEY GOT SPLATTERED!

THE AGE-I-FYING CREAM IS MAKING THE WALLS SO OLD, THEY'RE CRUMBLING INTO DUST! WHAT AM I GONNA DO?

THE BOSS IS *BOUND* TO NOTICE THE *MISSING WALLS!*

OOOOOF! THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP ME IN THIS *SSSSTUPID SACK!*

ARGH! NOTHIN' LEFT BUT A SIX-PACK OF TEDDY BEARS! I'LL HAVE TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING *MYSELF!*

SORRY THERE, JUNIOR, BUT YOU'RE *IN* MY *SEAT!*

YOU'LL BE SAFER HERE ANYWAY, WHILE I...

...JUST PUT THE REMAINING "*AGE-I-FYING CREAM*" INTO THE RACECAR'S ENGINE!

THEN, *REVERSING* THE ENGINE WILL REVERSE THE CREAM'S *EFFECT*...

P
R
N
D

KA BOOGAH!

LATER...

A
BC

WHY, THE ENTIRE THIRTIETH FLOOR LOOKS *BRAND NEW!* AND THE KIDS LOOK FINE--LET'S SEE, HOW MANY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE?

HMMM, THIS WORK ORDER SAYS THERE ARE *THIRTY-SEVEN* CHILDREN IN THIS CLASS...

Kids:37

...SO *WHY DO WE HAVE THIRTY-EIGHT!?*

GOO-GOO-GAGA-GOO GOO GA GA...

HOW LONG BEFORE THIS CREAM WEARS OFF ANYWAY?!?

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

WB1909

ROADRUNNER
(VELOCERUS MAXIMUS)

MEEP! MEEP!

COYOTE
(DEUS EX IGNORAMUS)

SPEEDS!

SHPLAT!!!

HIT THE *WIPERS*, WILLYA, STAN?

EEEW!

SPEED TRAPPED

FRANK STROM-WRITER
LEO BATIC-PENCILLER
RUBEN TORREIRO-INKER
JENNA GARCIA-LETTERER
DAVE TANGUAY-COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON-SEPARATIONS
HARVEY RICHARDS-ASST. EDITOR
JOAN HILTY-EDITOR

THUMP-A-THUMP

RATTLE

RATTLE

RATTLE

SNAP!

GROAN...

KRUNCH!

WELL, THAT'S JUST CRATE.

?

POLICE--
OFFICIAL
USE ONLY

POLICE--
OFFICIAL
USE ONLY

MM-MM-MMM! THOSE *PANCAKES* SURE LOOK AWFUL GOOD! YOU'LL *SHARE*, WON'T YOU, *PAW*?

NOW, HENRY! WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBORS THINK?

GRRRR!!!

BUT, PAW--I AM A *GROWING BOY*, I AM!

MERRY MELODIES FLATS

?!?

LOOK, PAW! IT IS THE *POLICE!*

JUSTICE AT LAST!

KNACK!!

=SIGH= HE'S FIRM BUT KIND!

DUH...CAN *I* BE A PEACE OFFICER WHEN *I* GROW UP?

POUND POUND POUND

HAMMER HAMMER HAMMER

TOLLBOOTH— POLICE USE ONLY!

TOLL
CARS.....$1
ROADRUNNERS...$500

MEEP! MEEP!

SCREEEEECH

TOLL
CARS.....$1
ROADRUNNERS...$500

MEEP?

TOLL
CARS.....$1
ROADRUNNERS...$500

?!?!

ACME FAST PASS $500

MEEP! MEEP!

FWHEEET! FWEEET!

WEEONK! WEEONK!

TOLL RUNNER!

WEEONK! WEEONK!

FROMPH!

POLICE
ROAD STRIP
8-INCH SPIKES—
WHEN YOU
ABSOLUTELY,
POSITIVELY
MEAN HALT!

MEEP! MEEP!

WAS THIS
REALLY
NECESSARY?

FWOOOOSH!!!

MEEP! MEEP!

MEEP MEEP

MEEP MEEP

ACME RADAR GUN

MEEP MEEP

100 MPH

150 MPH

200 MPH

YOU ARE HERE

MEEP MEEP MEEP

YABOOM

MEGA MOTORBIKE

POLICE USE ONLY

vrrrm

MEEP! MEEP!

WEEDH! WEEDH! WEEDH!

RRRRRROAR

WEEDH! WEEDH! WEEDH!

MEEP?

WEEDH! WEEDH! WEEDH!

OKAY, SPEEDY-- PULL OVER!

?!?!

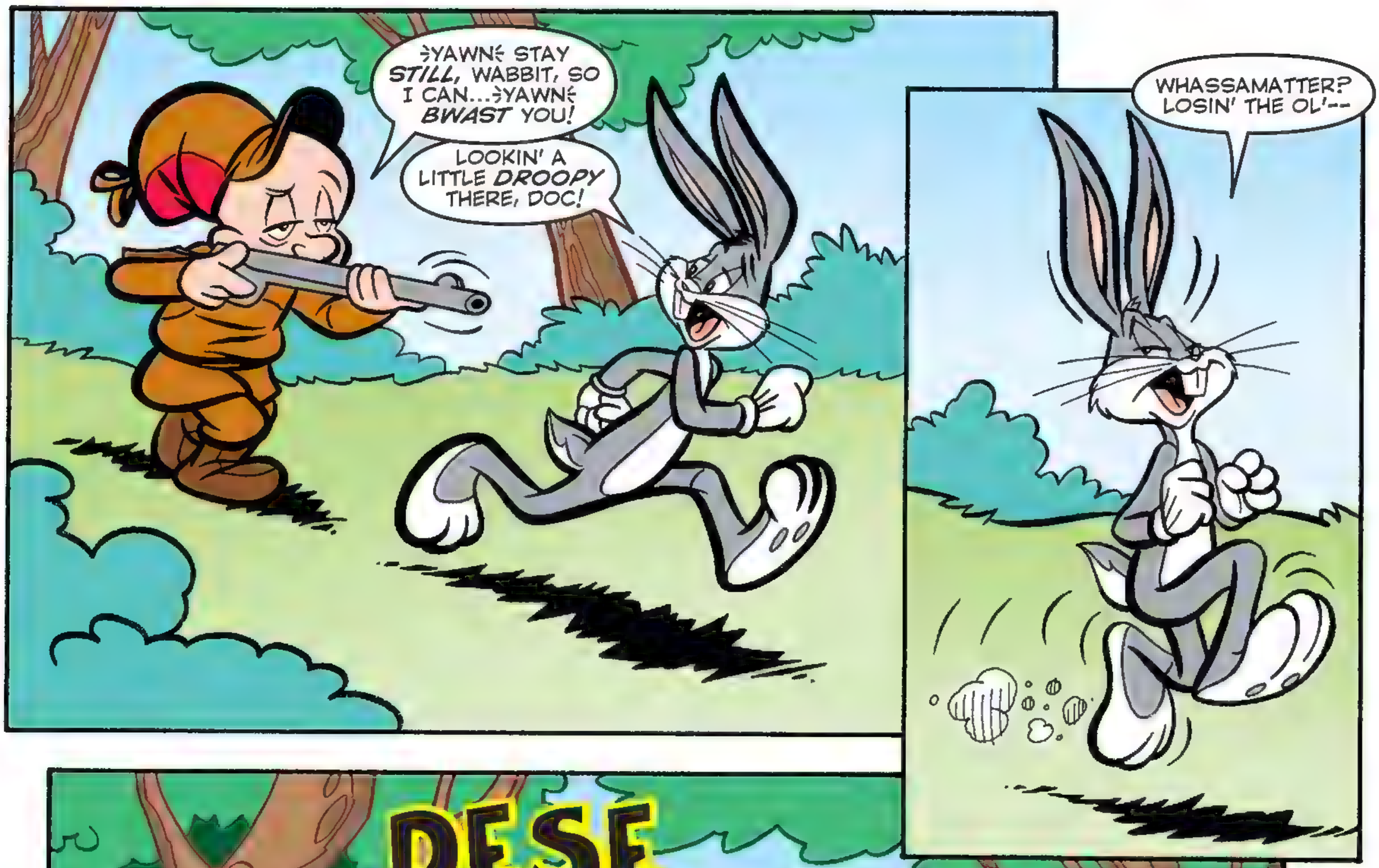
AT LEAST IT CAN'T GET ANY WORSE.

OOH! A *PUPPY DOG!*

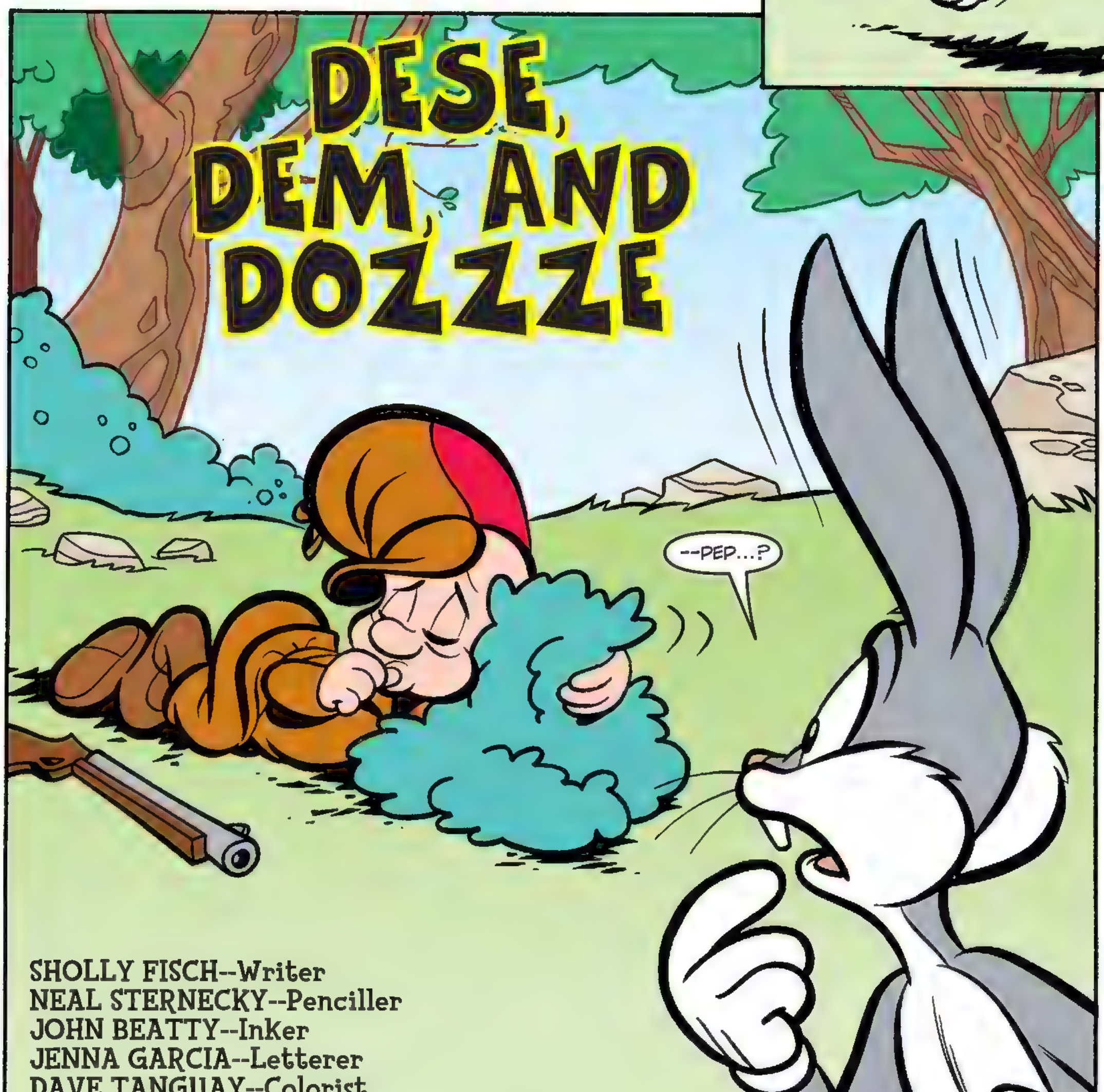
THEN AGAIN....

I WILL *HUG* YOU AND *SQUEEZE* YOU AND CALL YOU *GEORGE!* YOU AND ME WILL BE BEST FRIENDS FOR 20 *YEARS!* ISN'T THAT *GREAT,* GEORGE? YES IT *IS!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!



DESE, DEM, AND DOZZZE



SHOLLY FISCH--Writer
NEAL STERNECKY--Penciller
JOHN BEATTY--Inker
JENNA GARCIA--Letterer
DAVE TANGUAY--Colorist
DIGITAL CHAMELEON--Separations
HARVEY RICHARDS--Asst. Editor
JOAN HILTY--Editor

HEY, CHUCKLES! *RISE AND SHINE!* WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

...HUH? WHA--? OH!

I'M SOWWY, MISTER WABBIT. IT'S THIS DARNED *INSOMNIA!* I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S SWEEP IN *WEEKS!*

INSOMNIA, YOU SAY?

ZIP

ZO, MISTER FUDD, YOU HAVE TROUBLE *ZLEEPING!* TELL ME, HAZ ZOMETHING BEEN *TROUBLING* YOU LATELY? WHAT IZ ON YOUR *MIND*--

--ZUCH AS IT IS.

OH, DOCTOR, IT'S THAT SCWEWY *WABBIT* AGAIN! NO MATTER WHAT I DO, I JUST CAN'T *CATCH* HIM!

THE MENTAL STWAIN IS *TEWWIBLE!* IT KEEPS ME UP *ALL NIGHT WONG!*

I ZEE...

I THOUGHT A HUNTING TWIP WOULD HELP ME *WELAX.*

BUT IT'S NO USE--I'M SO SWEEPY. I CAN'T EVEN *HUNT!*

CAN'T *HUNT,* EH?

NOW, IZZN'T THAT *INTERESTING...*

THERE MUST BE *SOME* WAY TO WELAX. MAYBE I SHOULD TWY *COUNTING SHEEP.*

BAA BAA

ONE. TWO.

HUH?

WOW--WHO KNEW I HAD SUCH A VIVID IMAGINATION?

BAA BAA

COME ON, FELLAS--KEEP IT MOVING! PLENTY A' ROOM INSIDE!

...TWENTY-*SEVEN*. TWENTY-*EIGHT*.

BAA BAA

≥GRUNT≤... ONE HUNDWED EIGHTY-*TWO*...ONE HUNDWED EIGHTY-*THWEE*...≥GROAN≤

BAA BAA BAA BAA BAA

THIS IS THE LIFE!

AHHH... FREE CARROTS, NO BULLETS...

SIXTEEN THOUSAND NINE HUNDWED AND THIRTY-*ONE!* SIXTEEN THOUSAND NINE HUNDWED AND THIRTY-*TWO!*

WABBIT TWAP!

MAYBE THE WILTING STWAINS OF SOME SOFT MUSIC WILL WULL ME TO SWEEP...

KWICK

OKAY, BOYS...

ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

IWANNAWEARYOURNOSERINGBABY

NEXT MORNING...

:YAWN:... *EWEPHANTS!* I WONDER IF THEY'RE IN *SEASON*...

WEDNESDAY NIGHT...

WARM MILK. THAT'LL DO THE TWICK.

->YAWWWWWNNN<-

FOOM!

FWEEEEEET!

WATER!!!

YOU GOT IT, DOC!

SPLOOSH!

SOON...

EH? WHAT'S THIS?

WAHHH! I CAN'T DO IT! I JUST CAN'T DO IT!

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

OH, MISTER WABBIT--I CAN'T *TAKE* IT ANYMORE! I'VE TWIED *EVEWYTHING!* BUT NOTHING *WORKS!*

ALL I WANT IS SOME *SWEEP!*

CHEEZ, DOC, YOU REALLY GOT IT *BAD*, HUH?

AWRIGHT, LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

C'MON, STAND UP. SHOW SOME *DIGNITY.*

ATTA BOY.

Y'KNOW WHAT YOU NEED? AN *EXPERT.* SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING THERE *IS* TO KNOW ABOUT THE FINE ART OF SHUTEYE.

I'VE GOT *JUST* THE GUY!

WAIT RIGHT THERE!

GEE, THAT WABBIT IS WEAWWY A *SWELL GUY.*

TOO BAD I HAVE TO *BWAST* HIM.

SAY, WHO ARE YOU?

WHO DO I LOOK LIKE, THE *EASTER BUNNY?*

WELL, YOU DO HAVE WONG *EARS...*

MY FRIEND, I'M THE *SANDMAN*-- TRAVELLING BY NIGHT TO VISIT LITTLE CHILDREN AND PUT THEM TO SLEEP WITH MY *MAGIC SAND!*

THE SANDMAN?!

PWEASE, MISTER SANDMAN! YOU'RE MY *WAST CHANCE!*

PWEASE-- --*PWEASE*-- --PUT ME TO *SWEEP* WITH YOUR *MAGIC SAND!*

WELL...

Snip

...IF YOU *INSIST.*

ACME

SAND

500 LBS

KHAAN!

ZZzzZ...

PRESTO-- *SOUND ASLEEP!*

ANOTHER *SATISFIED CUSTOMER!*

Y'KNOW, IT DOES MY HEART *GOOD* TO HELP HIM OUT LIKE THAT.

SHSH! BE VEWY, VEWY QUIET!

HMM... I WONDER IF *YOSEMITE SAM'S* HAVING ANY TROUBLE SLEEPIN' THESE DAYS...

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"